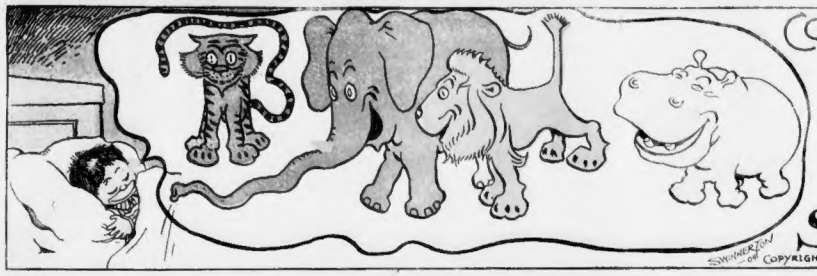

COMIC SUPPLEMENT of

HEARST'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN

SEPTEMBER 18th 1904

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JIMMY—He Hastens Home for the Circus Tickets

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1
MERCY! I'VE FORGOTTEN THE TICKETS!
JIMMY WILL RUN HOME AND GET THEM
2
JIMMY RUN HOME AND GET THE TICKETS, THEY ARE ON MY DESK
HURRY JIMMY! IT IS GOING TO COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY!
3
4
WHATCHA DOIN?
GOIN' TO CARRY WATER TO THE ELEPHANT, GET A PAIL AN' THEY'LL LET YOU SEE HIM!
5
I AINT GOT ANY PAIL!
"HURRY! DE ELEPHANT IS THOISTY!"
HEY, KID! BE A LITTLE SPORT!
HUH?
6
HURRY UP!
AW! BE A LITTLE GENT AN' LET JIMMY HAVE YER PAIL.
HEY! DATS ME PAIL!
7
AW! TAKE A SNEAK! 'TER TOO LITTLE TO SEE A ELEPHANT!
IN I'LL MAMMA! YE GOT ME PAIL!
8
WAW-WW! I WANNA SEE DE ELFING!
9
DIDJE SEE HIM WRIGGLE HIS TRUNK AT ME?
GOLLY! DIDJE SEE HIM SWALLER DE PEANUTS?
HEY, DATS ME PAIL!
10
HURRY UP!
HE'S GOT ME PAIL! WAW-W-W-
11
THAT'LL DO NOW YOUSE KIDS HIN SIT DOWN AN SEE THE SNOW!
OO-HOO-O-O-O! AW-WAW-W-W! I WANNA GO IN!
12
HE-HE-HE-AW HAW HAW HAW! JIMMY SEE HERE COMES DE CLOWN!
AH-WAA-A-A!
AND IN THE MEAN WHILE
13
NOW WHAT DYE SUPPOSE IS KEEPING THAT BOY!
THE SHOW MUST BE HALF OVER, LETS LOOK FOR HIM!"
14
I'LL GO THIS WAY!
"ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO THIS WAY. HOLD HIM IF YOU FIND HIM"
15
SAY! IF YOU DONT QUIT PEEKIN IN HERE, ILL SPANK YE!
16
"HAVE YOU SEEN JIMMY?"
BOO-HOO-O HE'S IN DERE HE TOOKED ME PAIL!
17
DAT GAG DONT GO GIT!!"
"BUT MY SON IS INSIDE!"
18
WASN'T IT GREAT?
DIDJE SEE THE GIRAFF?
HERE HE COMES!
19
DO YOU WANT THIS, MISTER?
SWINNERTON

YES, MONTMORENCY HOOLIGAN ALMOST SAILED FOR EUROPE AGAIN!

Happy and Gloomy Gus Saw Him Off, of Course

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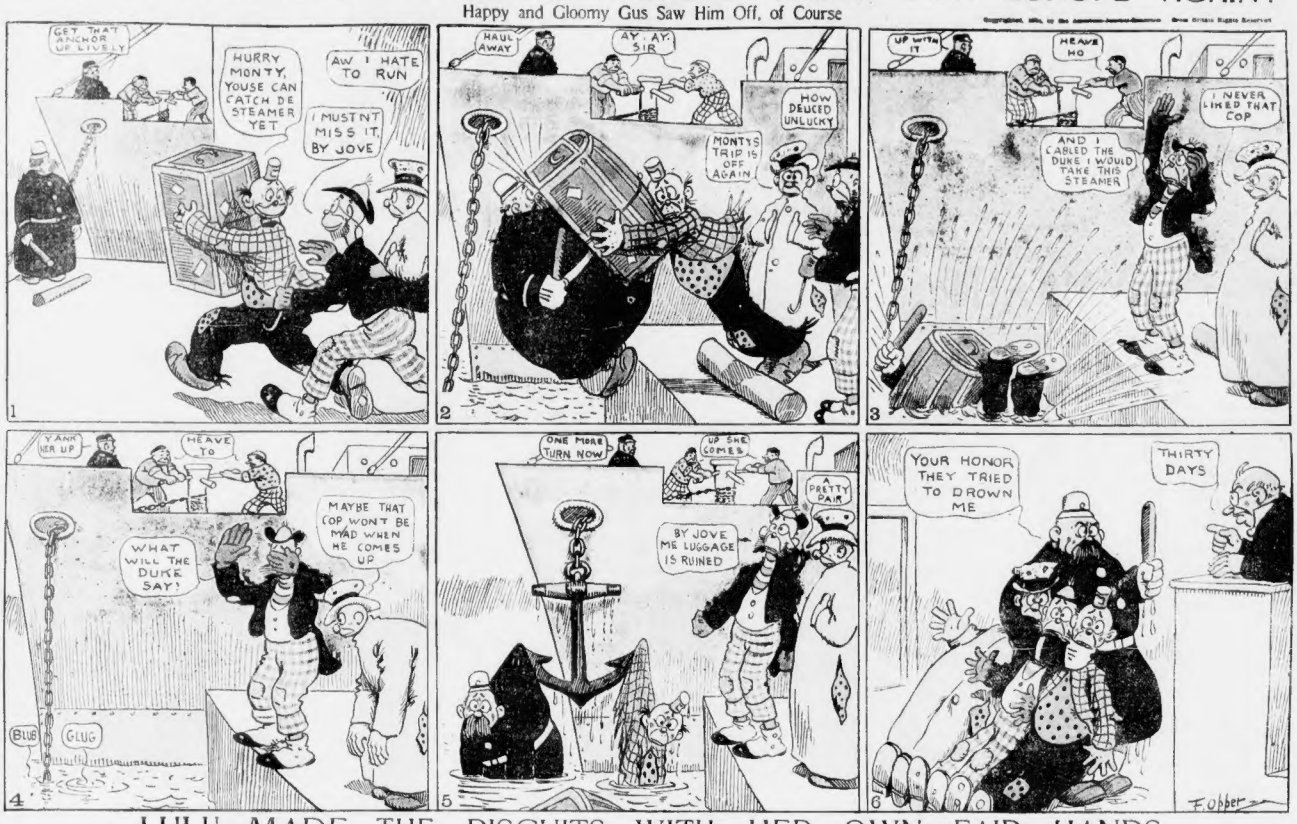

LULU MADE THE BISCUITS WITH HER OWN FAIR HANDS

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1. LULU: "Yes, Leander, I planned a little surprise for you. I have invited Charley and Lieutenant Sharpnell to take luncheon with us. And what do you think? I have prepared everything with my own hands."
LEANDER (aside): "Confound these butters-in!"

2. LIEUTENANT SHARPNELL: "Goodness me, Miss Lulu, I have eaten five of your biscuits."
CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "Pooh! I've eaten six."
LULU: "The more you eat the greater the compliment to my cooking, you know."
LEANDER: "No, thank you, none for me, Lulu. I am dieting."

3. LIEUTENANT SHARPNELL: "Really, Miss Lulu, I can't resist another piece of your angel cake, although I have had two pieces already."
CHARLEY: "This will make my fourth piece."
LULU: "Now don't be sulky, Leander. YOU have a piece."
LEANDER: "You know I am dieting, Lulu. (Aside) Gee! I can see their finish."

4. LULU (an hour later): "Now what shall we do—play cards or what?"
LIEUTENANT SHARPNELL: "x x ! ! x x x ! ! ! ! !"
CHARLEY: "! ! x ? ! x x x ! !"
LEANDER (aside): "Leaden biscuits and angel cake are working. I'll have Lulu to myself this afternoon, you bet."

5. LIEUTENANT SHARPNELL: "Pray excuse me for leaving, Miss Lulu. Attack of acute indigestion. Will you direct me to the nearest hospital?"
CHARLEY: "Or morgue?"
LULU: "The IDEA."
LEANDER (aside): "They are not getting it in the NECK, but they are getting it all the same."

6. LULU (in tears): "It was a downright insult to my cooking, it was. Mean, contemptible brutes, they are! I'll never speak to them again!"
LEANDER (aside): "I'll wager those two butters-in will not come near this ranch until the ice gets thicker. Never mind, Pet, what do you care for THEIR opinions? I know how you can cook!"

DID HANS AND FRITZ GO ALONG? YESS-S-S-S-S!

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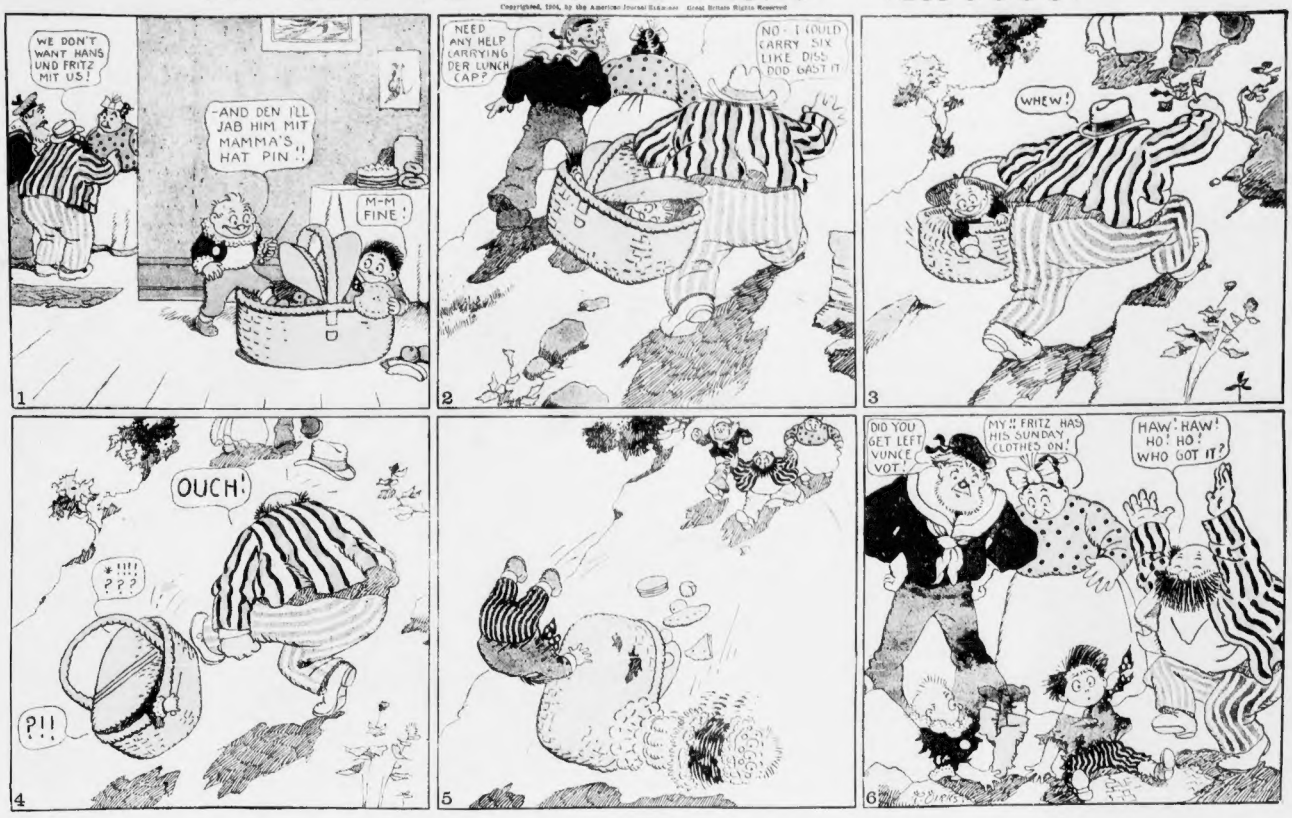

AND THEN PAPA CAME!

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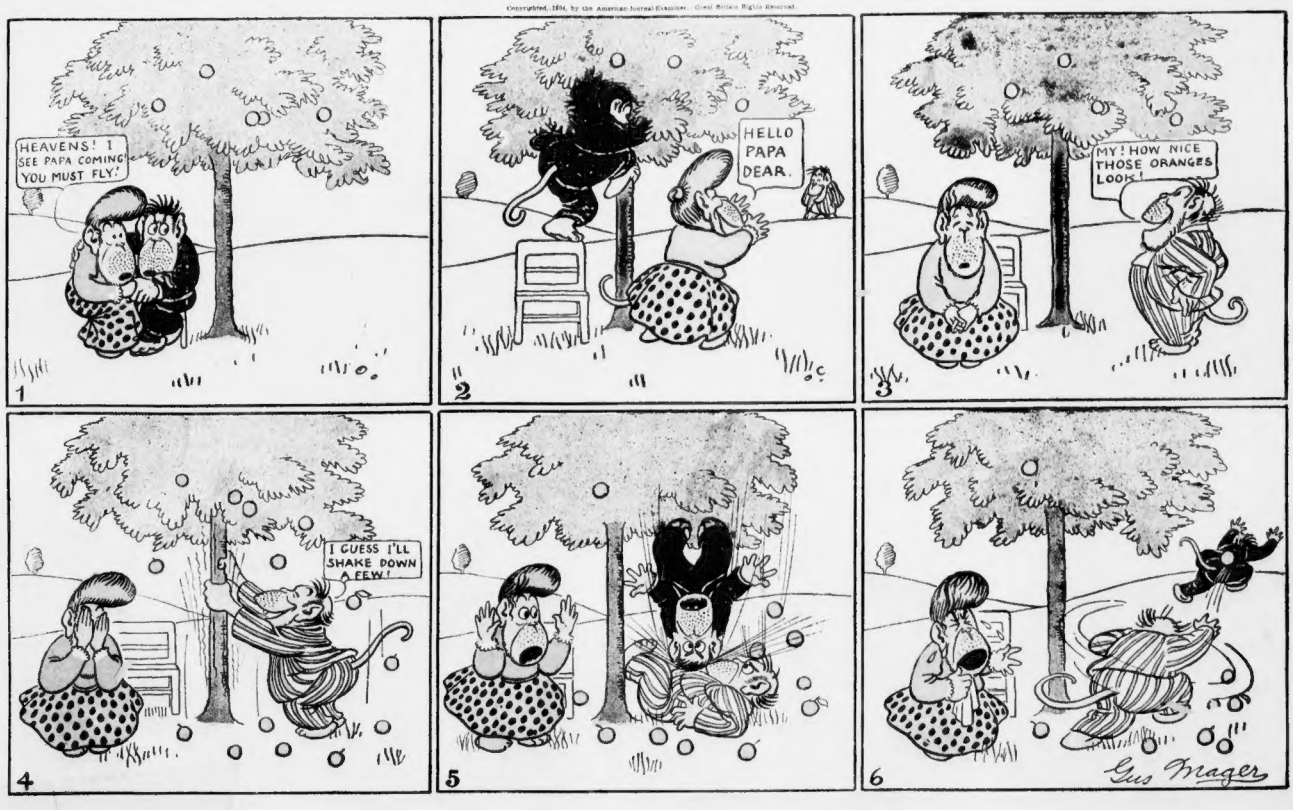

DARLING LITTLE KATY—BLESS HER HEART!

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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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(To be Continued Next Sunday)

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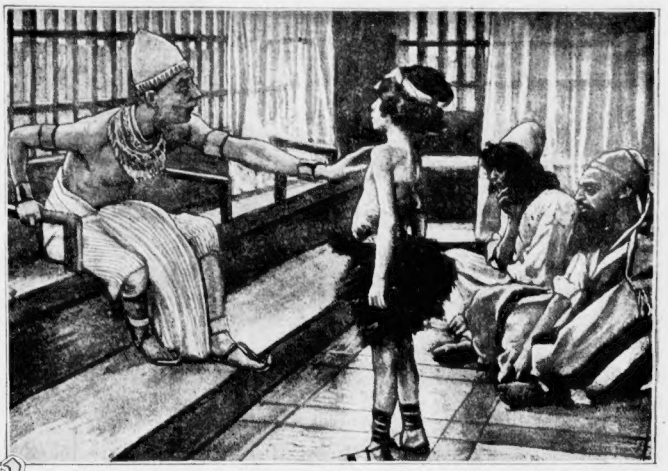
(5.) JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE



(4.) JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

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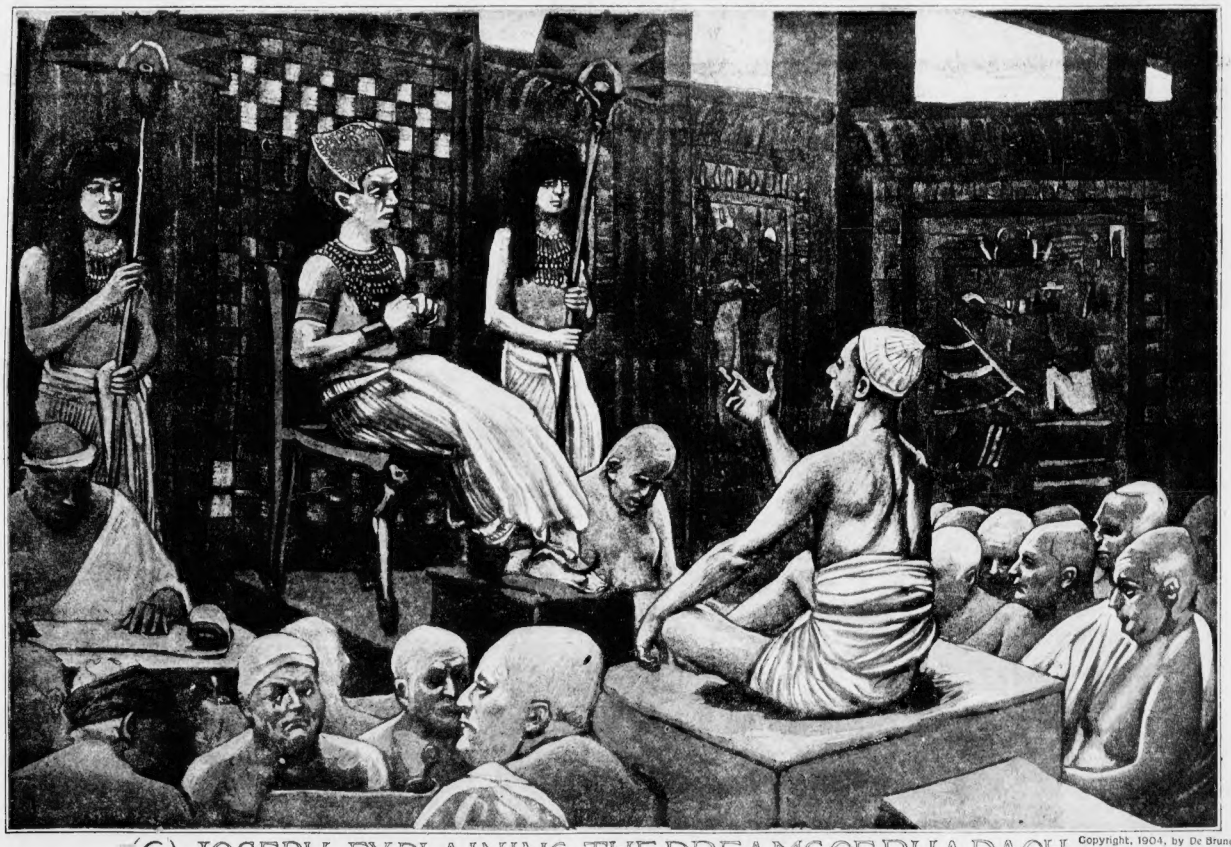
The Bible Story of Joseph

Illustrated by Tissot The Great Religious Painter

As pictured by the distinguished French artist in nine paintings. The first three were published last Sunday, and the remaining three will be reproduced on this page next Sunday. See following page.



(6.) JOSEPH EXPLAINING THE DREAMS OF PHARAOH.

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NEW YORK'S EXTREMES OF EXTRAVAGANCE AND ECONOMY.

Mr. Astor's New Multi-Millionaires' Hotel, Where Turkey Costs $5 a Plate and Claret $30 a Bottle.

THE new hotel St. Regis, just opened on Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York City, is a conspicuous illustration of the reckless extravangance of the times. Probably no other public house in the world boasts of a bed which cost $10,000, nor prints upon its bill-of-fare a dish of turkey for $5 and a red wine at $30 a bottle.

This newest and most expensive of modern hotels was built by John Jacob Astor to meet the demands of the modern American multi-millionaire. Perhaps no more forceful object lesson of the thoughtless waste of money in the conduct of this hotel can be presented than the comments of an official of the Mills Hotels, published below. The Mills Hotels were built by a New York capitalist to demonstrate how cheaply and satisfactorily a great popular hotel may be operated and still pay a five per cent dividend on the investment.

"FIVE DOLLARS for a portion of turkey!" exclaimed the Mills Hotel man, holding the St. Regis Hotel bill of fare before him.

"Five dollars! I take it that that means that turkey, for they don't seem to throw gravy and stuffing thrown in, and even in anything for your five dollars besides truffles, perhaps!" He stroked his chin the gravy and stuffing. You do think it contemplatively. And then he repeated includes them?" he asked, somewhat anxIn an awed tone: "Five dollars for a plate- lously. "It doesn't say cranberry sauce, ful of turkey! I wonder if it's a heaping but I guess there's truffles in the stuffing, one!" He chuckled aloud.

"Five dollars worth of turkey, please!' If a man asked for that at our hotel he'd find somewhere about 480 pounds of turkey on his plate! We serve pretty good portions of turkey down at the Mills when we have it, but we don't charged five dollars. It goes in with our 15-cent bill of fare," he said with another chuckle.

"Yes, at a pinch we could serve about 500 people out of that one portion of St. Regis Hotel turkey, allowing a trifle less than a pound to a man, and filling in with dressing, gravy and things.

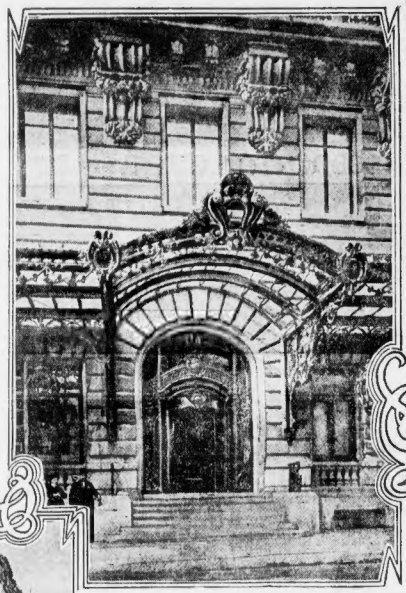
"You can calculate for yourself—turkey at about 12 cents a pound, wholesale, the way we hotel men buy it—well, it mayn't be Spring turkey always, but turkey's turkey.

"Egg plant!" The voice of the Mills man must indeed be a devil of a fellow, for the market price is seven or eight cents a pound!

"But it's time to come to meat. A little poultry first, thank you."

And now, even after all his experience with the St. Regis bill of fare, the Mills Hotel man started out of his seat. In faltering tones he read: "Roast chicken, $3.00; duckling, $4.00; chicken en cocotte, $3.00; broiled chicken, $2.00.

"One portion each, did you say? Well, there's all sorts of chickens. There's Western, and corn fed, and Maryland dry picked—we mustn't forget that. From 22 to 28 cents a pound you can get right smart chickens. Now, calculating a pound to a portion—Well"—he broke off with a sweet, sympathetic smile—"you must remember that there's always the stuffing and gravy thrown in. I see there's even oranges. Now, oranges, well, they might be as much as two dollars a barrel, and you probably get as much as three



Hotel St. Regis, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth St., New York City.

The Mills Hotel, Where 15 Cents Buys a Soup, Fish, Meat, Vegetable, Dessert and Coffee Dinner

in cream, 70 cents. I wonder how many beans there are in a bag and how many to a St. Regis portion?

"Fruits and vegetables is where the Mills Hotel comes in strong. Melons—well, you see, they're so plentiful"——

Again the Mills Hotel man was startled. "Melon, $1.00," he read. "Well, now, that's about the price of a crate of them. Fine melons we get for from $1 to $1.25 a crate. That's about forty-two. Yes, we throw in sugar, too. We give a choice of melons of pie, or apples or grapes. Grapes are so plentiful," he exclaimed, with a happy smile. "Crates of Concords—great splendid Concords—for 98 cents or a dollar."

"Grapes, $1.50!" To read that item the Mills Hotel man put on his glasses. When he took them off he said: "For the price of one portion of grapes at the splendid St. Regis, if I was spry and went down to the docks, I could get two crates of them."

He put on his glasses again. "Fifty cents for apples! I wonder if they serve them by the barrel. You never can tell in these great hotels what they might be up to. Apples—fine apples—are two dollars a barrel, you know.

"Well, let's finish up with a cup of coffee. Two cents is our price—two cents with accessories. But when you take it off a marble table, under great paintings, in a carved chair, with waiters to the front and to the rear, all in dress suits, surrounded by palms, out of an egg shell cup—well, I suppose coffee is worth twelve times as much.

"It does seem queer, though, that down at the Mills we can have soup, fish, meat, vegetables, dessert and coffee all for 15 cents.

"It almost seems as though the Mills Hotel was in another world. Well, I guess it is."

Some of the Art Furniture in the $50-a-Day Bedrooms.

Two New York Dinners.

At the Hotel St Regis.		*At the Mills Hotel.*	
SOUP.		SOUP	
Bertsch de Galicio	$1.50	Clam Chowder	2c
FISH.		FISH.	
Filets of Pompano	1.25	Broiled Weakfish	3c
ROAST.		HOT MEATS.	
Roast Young Turkey	5.00	Roast Beef (Dish Gravy)	4c
VEGETABLES.		VEGETABLES.	
Green Corn	.70	Mashed Potatoes	Free
Lettuce	.60	Green Corn	2c
Canadian Melon	1.00	DESSERT.	
Coffee	.25	Rice Pudding	2c
		Coffee	2c
Total	$10.30	Total	15c

Bronze Ornamentation of the Hotel Entrance

all right.

"Egg plant, sixty cents! Here it is in black and white! You can get a barrel of high-class egg plants for $1.50—a whole barrel. And out of a barrel we calculate to serve 200 good portions—good portions for hungry men.

"Do you know," asked the Mills Hotel man, stopping short and fixing me with his startled eyes, "do you know if a Hotel St. Regis portion of egg plant means two pieces or one?"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "I see it's saute with fine herbs."

"That's so," he answered, "I'd overlooked that saute—that's French for rolled over. Fine herbs—rolled over in fine herbs! We use fine herbs down to the Mills, too. Yes we do—parsley, soup greens and such—that's fine herbs—one dollar for a hundred bunches. They throw in the saute, do they?

"But we're not doing this thing properly," said the Mills Hotel man, breaking off suddenly. "Let me order this dinner right, and begin at the beginning. I live in New York, and the Mills Hotel patrons are as much in the heart of the great metropolis as those of the Hotel St. Regis. I know what's what. I know I'm paying for the privilege of sitting in one of the handsomest dining rooms in New York, all marble and palms and statuary and paintings—I know.

"Well, then, oysters first, if you please. Oh, I know about food. We have oysters at the Mills in season, just as we have clams. Buzzard Bays will do for me. Thirty cents," he said, looking at the bill of fare. "Well, 75 cents a hundred is the market price. We throw in salt and pepper at the Mills, too; but we don't have paprika," he said reflectively.

"Soup! oh, soup! Now, that is where I'm really at home. A good plate of soup begins our dinner every night. Fifteen cents starts you off with a good consomme printaniere, or a puree of tomatoes or a good thick"——

The Mills Hotel man broke off short, as though something had struck him. It was an item on the Hotel St. Regis bill of fare among the soups called Bortsch de Galicie, $1.50.

"Well, now, you see, we don't make any extra cake about our soup. It goes in all right with our fifteen-cent dinner, being as shins of beef, the best of soup meat, is to be had for six or seven cents a pound. We pay four and one-half. And one hundred pounds—well, one hundred pounds would feed about 1,500 people. At the highest price, that's $7. Well, it looks to me as though the St. Regis management don't get left on that plate of soup, even if it's got vegetables and fine herbs in it and chunks of meat.

"Now, coming to fish. You can always serve that cheap, for you don't calculate more than three-quarters of a pound to a man. Phew! Pompano, $1.25. I'm talking now of high prices, such as suppers every night at fifteen cents with vegetables—yes, egg plant among them.

"The best halibut I ever saw we got the other day for seven cents a pound. Oh, served American. At the St. Regis I see it's a dollar. Well, well—and Spanish mackerel a dollar! Enough for two, you say? In—well—Spanish mackerel—is twelve cents a pound, two pounds at twenty-four cents. That leaves seventy-six cents for the fine herbs on every portion!"

The Mills Hotel man went on chuckling and grunting down the bill of fare. "Sea bass diable, 85 cents," he said. "Well, be

Photograph taken before the tables had been placed.

Frescoed Walls of the Hotel Palm Room.

portion.

"Now, when you come to roast beef or roast lamb, there the Mills Hotel and the St. Regis meet. No fancy fixings—just dish gravy. Now, with our fifteen-cent dinner we give a slice, a thick one, to each man, with all that belongs with it—Twenty-eight cents a pound, yes, egg plant and extras, dessert and all the rest. You see, you can get such fine cuts of a pound to a man. Phew! Pompano, $1.25. I'm taking now of high prices, such as the St. Regis patrons—Phew! Lamb, $1.00; roast beef, 85 cents, and no fine herbs! And no oranges! And no egg plant! Just plain dish gravy!

"Speaking of vegetables, you see, one might wonder that the Mills Hotel can give so many with their fifteen-cent dinner unless you know that corn, for instance, is $1.25 a hundred; lima beans, 75 cents a bushel; string beans, $1 a bag. Oh, yes, in the raw. I see, when they're served up at the St. Regis they come to more—or—considerable more. Green corn, 80 cents; lima beans, maitre d'hotel—butter and more fine herbs," muttered the Mills Hotel man—"70 cents; string beans, ah! they're

Photograph taken from the musicians' gallery.

The Bible Story of Joseph.

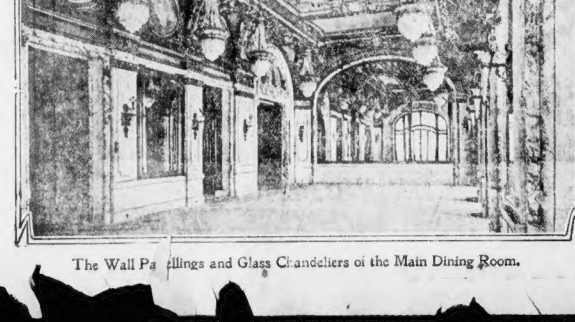
(See Preceding Page.)

THE first three of the pictures of the story of Joseph, as told in the Old Testament narrative in Genesis and painted by Tissot, the great modern religious painter, were printed last Sunday. On the preceding page of this supplement to-day are presented the next three scenes in the career of Joseph.

Having been treacherously disposed of by his jealous brothers, we find the boy Joseph in Egypt. He has been brought to Potiphar, the officer of Pharaoh, by the merchants, to whom his cruel brothers had sold him. Potiphar is touching the boy's breast to see if he is an able youngster and a bargain is struck. But the youth Joseph makes friends in Egypt, even when falsely imprisoned. He interprets the dreams of Pharaoh's baker and butler and finally his fame reaches the ears of the great Pharaoh himself.

Troubled by dreams he could not understand the King finally sends for Joseph, the prisoner, who tells the monarch of Egypt the interpretations.

The last three pictures in the series will be presented next Sunday and will portray the rapid growth of the boy Joseph to power and influence in the country and his kindness to the jealous brothers who had so cruelly abused him in earlier life.



The Wall Panellings and Glass Chandeliers of the Main Dining Room.

The Palm Room of the Hotel St. Regis.

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HOW TO BE PRETTIER THAN YOU REALLY ARE NO MATTER HOW PLAIN YOU ARE—

Professional Beauty Secrets from a Professional Beauty.

By Liane de Pougy, the Most Famous Beauty of Paris.

Paris, Sept. 11.

THERE should be no such thing as an ugly woman. Why? Because an ugly woman is one who neglects herself and her prime duty, which is always to please.

It is a woman's duty to be beautiful as much as it is her duty to be good.

Now I am going to tell you what may seem an astonishing thing. I have discovered that to be beautiful it is only necessary to have the desire to be so.

This miracle has been accomplished before now. Madame Rachel, the most celebrated of French actresses, for instance, was ugly. She was born ugly and she realized it. "I will be beautiful," she cried, and behold, she became beautiful. She applied to her transformation an indefatigable will and a fund of good taste.

All of us may do the same. In each of us there exists the spark of a charm—the thing is to set it on fire. Sometimes this may be done by contrast, again by opposition, again by what might be discarded as a mere detail.

For instance, your nose seems to you ugly, too big. Do not despair. Say to yourself on the contrary "What can I do to make it pretty?" It is ten to one that your hair is at fault, for set it down as a rule that every feature is dependent upon another. Ah, raise your hair in front. If your nose is big, show your forehead, broaden the hair at the side. So, you are already better. Study your lines.

Your eyes are insignificant? Bah, that is nothing. Touch the eyelashes up the least little bit with a dark pencil, and, presto—the eyes seem to come out, to brighten up.

Yes, it must all be done judiciously, with taste, with knowledge.

Don't wear high collars because they are in fashion. Wear the kind that are becoming to you.

Don't dress your hair low on your forehead because the world does. Study your contour. Discard fashion.

Make up your mind that you will have a beautiful complexion. Let us begin, for instance with a bete noir that is universal—blackheads.

HOW TO ROUT BLACKHEADS.

Oh, I know how you feel about them. Every woman knows, because every woman has had them—one or two or more. They are simply hideous, and the more one has the more hideous they are. They come anywhere, everywhere—on the nose, on the chin, on the forehead, on the ears. Press on them with the nails and a little yellowish or gray-white pasta comes out. Horrible! It has even a little black head.

These little blackheads that are our bete noir are tiny bits of dust that become lodged in the too-open pores of the skin. The white matter lodged in them is the secretion furnished by the little sebacious glands which are at the bottom of these pores.

The remedy? That's what you want quickly. But before using a remedy try to find the cause. Your pores are too open. We have all had that, every one of us, even those of us who pose as beauties.

Now, then, you know the cause. Well, don't use your nails; they are always irritating; and don't use a watch key—the old, old remedy of our grandmothers. Scrape and strike the skin instead firmly with a very thin ivory paper cutter.

Now you need an astringent. Wash the parts gently with pure alcohol or cologne water or ichthyol soap and rub on them some astringent pomade made with tannin.

If you have been careless enough to acquire a great number of these black points do not try to press them out. Try to dissolve them by putting on the skin a little ether or hydrogen.

Here are two special prescriptions, either one of which you may try:

Ammonium carbonate	1 gram
Ether	30 grams
Distilled water	70 grams
Alcohol 90 per cent	80 grams
Spirits of lavender	10 grams
Black soap	10 grams
Salicylic acid	1 gram

HOW TO HAVE WHITE HANDS.

There is no use in having a beautiful face unless you have a beautiful body to go with it. The hands must show, therefore to the hands first.

It was Petrarch who said, "The beautiful hand of Laura captivated me."

Yes, no beautiful woman can afford to have an ugly hand. The hand may be full of poetry, it may reveal breeding, grace, rich character. There should not be coarse or clumsy hands. Beware of the woman who has them. The eye may be deceptive, but only the simplest, purest soaps, and put the hand never. The hand has a language all its own. The character of its owner may be plainly read.

"With our hands," said Montaigne, the great French philosopher, "we promise, refuse, cajole, threaten, command, encourage, show fear, applaud, flatter, bless."

Let us first understand what makes a beautiful hand and then decide to have one.

It should be small, firm and soft, ending in long, well modelled, tapering fingers. The upper part of the hand should be dimpled and the veins should be hidden by white flesh. There should be little hollows at the base of each finger when the hand is open and tiny mounds when it is closed.

Is your hand like that?

The thumb should not be longer than the middle joint of the index finger. The latter stretched at full length should reach the bottom of the nail of the middle finger. The ring finger should reach to the centre of the nail of the middle finger, and the little finger should reach the second joint of the ring finger.

This, of course, is formation, but often you can simulate if nature has neglected you. Now, you can make your hands rosy where they should be so, and white where they should be white.

In the old days, when it was the custom of men to kiss the hands of women, they were all exquisite.

Chapped? Rough? Red? Never.

In the first place, if you work about your house always wear gloves. Beautiful women always do. Never go out without gloves. Air is an enemy to beautiful hands. Never wear sleeves that are tight in the armholes or at the elbows or wrists. And don't wear small gloves.

Now, about washing the hands. Do this several times a day. Don't use water that is too hot or too cold. Use boiled water if possible, and tepid. Best of all, use rain water just heated.

In the morning only use soap. Too frequent use of soap irritates the skin. Use only the simplest, purest soaps, and put the hand never. The hand has a language in the water a little bi-in acetic acid. Then dip them in soapy water and dry with a soft cloth.

If through any occupation it is necessary to wet your hands frequently through the day, then use greasy preparations on them.

Gloves worn during the night will work wonders in whitening the hands. To make them white they must be kept from contact with the air.

When the hands have been hurt by too much domestic work try this:

Sweet Almonds	125 grams
Yolks of eggs	3
Milk	½ pint

If they are stained, rub them gently with a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in bicarbonate or borate of soda. Then perfume with a little benzoin. If you desire, you may use pumice stone and a brush.

Dry your hands and rub them immediately with a little glycerine or glycerate of starch, so that the skin does not come in direct contact with the air.

If your hands are naturally rough and wrinkled, use bran water or lettuce water to wash them in.

Or, on an average of five or six times during the day, above all after eating, wash the hands, but without using soap. Rub them only with the rind of a lemon or with some vaseline, and then rinse them off in tepid water.

Crush the almonds in the eggs, which should be very fresh, then dilute them with the milk. Let this cook slowly until it has a consistency, and then put it on the hands at night and leave it on till morning.

If this mixture does not meet with your approval, here is another, equally good, to be used in the same way at night:

Bitter almonds	350 grams
Rice powder	250 grams
Carbonate of soda	20 grams
Essence of bergamot	10 grams

Here is something for wrinkled, rough hands:

Vinegar	60 grams
Alcohol, 90 per cent	30 grams
Rose water	30 grams
Lemon juice	60 grams

To make the hands white, here is something really excellent:

Powdered horse chestnuts	400 grams
Powdered bitter almonds	300 grams
Rice powder	250 grams
Carbonate of potash	7 grams
Essence of bergamot	8 grams

Put a little of this powder in water and then soak the hands in it.

Here is a pomade one may also try on the principle that the same thing does not agree with all hands:

Cucumber pomade	100 grams
Oxide of zinc	10 grams

And here is a splendid softening prescription to make the hands like satin, hands that every one longs to touch and having touched once wants to touch again:

Yolk of egg	1
Oil of sweet almonds	1 tablespoonful
Rose water	8 grams
Tincture of benzoin	4 grams

Beat up the egg, which must be very fresh, with the sweet almond oil. Then add the rose water and tincture of benzoin. Put this on the hands and in the gloves, which should be two or three sizes too big.

HOW TO FIGHT FAT.

You must not be fat. A woman who is fat may be good, but she cannot be beautiful.

Just why one is fat it is difficult to say. A girl may be svelte and exquisite until she is nineteen; then suddenly she begins to grow fatter and fatter. The tendency may be organic; it may be inherited. But whichever it is, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Regulate your food and your sleep. Do not rest too much, and exercise a great deal. Eat nothing starchy, nothing sweet.

But when once fat has seized you be careful. Do not try to reduce yourself suddenly or quickly.

Fat should be dissipated always slowly; otherwise it will leave the flesh flabby and wrinkled. Set this down as an inviolable rule. Here is another:

Fasting to get thin is a task as violent as it is useless and exhausting. As soon as one begins to get thin one begins to eat, and then fat accumulates worse than ever.

Violent exercise is not much better. It only makes one eat all the more. Take yourself in hand slowly and with moderation. Walk often and regularly. Rise early. Don't sleep too long. Eat as much as you need, but no more. Avoid all food that fattens. Drink as little as possible, and preferably weak tea, hot, with very little sugar in it.

Here is a regime you will do well to follow:

Breakfast—Toasted bread, 25 grams; cold meat, 50 grams; one cup of weak tea.

Luncheon—Toasted bread, 50 grams; raw meat, 100 grams; green vegetables, 100 grams; cheese, 15 grams; fresh fruit in moderation; one cup of tea.

Dinner—No soup ever; toasted bread, 50 grams; roasted meat, 100 grams; green vegetables, 100 grams; salad, fresh fruit, one cup of hot tea.

It is good to drink a little laxative mineral water every morning. Steam baths and showers are to be recommended.

Massage the double chin with an upward movement. Around the eyes massage gently upward also. Make little compresses dipped in boiling, and leave them on the fatty parts all night.

It is said that a great part of the charm of Diana of Poitiers was due to her exquisite breath. She kept always in a corner of her mouth a bit of myrrh.

If you have partaken of a salad flavored with garlic or onion, chew a bit of orris root or angelica. An infusion of orange flowers is also excellent.

But whatever the cause, whatever your food, you must have a sweet breath. It is essential to the charm of any woman. Here are some recipes that it will pay you to try if you fancy your breath is not like the new mown hay we read about:

1—Distilled water	200 grams
Peppermint of potash	½ pint
2—Distilled water	500 grams
Tincture of iodine	2 grams
3—Distilled water	100 grams
Alcohol	4 grams
Thymol	1 gram

If the breath is particularly offensive rinse the mouth with a few drops of the following mixture in water:

Alcohol, 90 per cent	20 grams
Essence of cinnamon	1 gram
Essence of vanilla	1 gram
Essence of eucalyptus	½ gram

LIANE DE POUGY.

"MASSAGE THE DOUBLE CHIN UPWARDS"
"BEST OF ALL USE RAIN WATER. JUST HEATED."
"CHEW A BIT OF ORRIS ROOT OR ANGELICA"
"GLOVES WORN DURING THE NIGHT WILL WORK WONDERS IN WHITENING THE SKIN"
"TOUCH THE EYELASHES UP THE LEAST BIT"
"WASH THE PARTS GENTLY"

Liane de Pougy, the Most Famous Living Beauty in All Paris.

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AMERICAN GIRLS SPECIALLY INVITED—[If You are Rich]

THE "CANADA" WHICH WILL BE THE NOBLE TOURISTS' YACHT.

The Newest Money-Getting Scheme of 2 British Earls, 3 Lords and an M. P., Which Most Condescendingly Permits Common Persons to Go Yachting on the Mediterranean on Perfect Social Equality With Real, But Hard-Up, Noblemen!

"The Noble Tourist Conductors Will Shake Hands with the Guests When They Come on Board."

By Courtenay Fitzmaurice.

LONDON, Sept. 10.

THE most ingenious and entertaining project of snobbery ever heard of has just been organized here. A committee composed of several noblemen of the most ancient families in the kingdom offers to conduct any respectable citizen and his wife on a cruising tour of the Mediterranean at a cost of ten guineas ($52) a week "and upwards" for each person.

The committee announces very plainly that it will recognize "the social standing" of every person invited and therein lies the bait that will surely attract a most refreshing rain of golden guineas.

The invitations to the cruise have been sent out to everybody in the London directory who appears to possess the necessary financial standing. Your humble correspondent, in fact, has received one. They are worded thus:

"The Earl of Tankerville presents his compliments to ——, and in behalf of the Invitation Cruise Committee invites him to join the Winter Cruise to the Mediterranean described over leaf.

"H. S. V. P. to the Lord Muskerry, Queen Anne's Mansions, London, S. W."

Turning over leaf one finds the committee: "Chairman—The Earl of Tankerville. Committee—The Earl of Craven, the Lord Haddo, the Lord Brayc, L. Vernon Harcourt, M. P.; Captain R. D. Chichester Hon. Secretary, the Lord Muskerry."

AND YOUR SOCIAL STANDING GUARANTEED.

Before describing the proposed route this precious piece is printed: "The above committee has been formed to invite ladies and gentlemen of recognized social standing who are likely to form a congenial company for a pleasure cruise to visit the Mediterranean during the coming Winter in the parliamentary recess. As this invitation is personal, the honorary secretary will be obliged by receiving the names of our guests who intend to accompany those invited. It is scarcely necessary to say that ladies will join the cruise."

Here you see that the "social standing" of those who subscribe will be definitely recognized. Undoubtedly the more a subscriber pays for his accommodation the more "social standing" he will obtain among the British aristocracy. Another very important point in this announcement is that ladies "will be invited to join this cruise." This is a master-stroke, for the chosen home of snobbery is the British female breast, and this appeal is calculated to catch every prosperous matron in the land. One ship will not be large enough. There are millions in the scheme. A nobleman may speak to a mere man and pass on and never be troubled by him again, but once he has shed the light of his countenance on a British matron she may be relied on to fight to the last gasp for any social recognition to which she may be entitled. Moreover, the announcement means that some, at least, of the committee's noble wives must go along, and they will have to recognize the "social standing" of the guests.

Meanwhile the American girl and the American dollar are by no means overlooked—in fact, special inducements are thrown in her way wherever she is found.

CONVERSE FREELY WITH LORDS.

The noble tourist conductors will shake hands with the guests when they come on board, and again at frequent intervals, as circumstances may require. They will sit at the same table with them, eat the same food, breathe the same air, and converse with them freely. They will guide the unistructed through the immortal scenes of historic interest upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Many passengers will ship with the hope that invitations to baronial balls will follow their long and intimate carouse with nobility, but they are doomed to disappointment. That will cost more than ten guineas.

It is understood that the Earl of Tankerville will conduct the party through the ruins of Pompeii and up Mount Vesuvius. He will gallantly assist Mrs. Tompkins, of Bayswater Road, onto her donkey when going up the mountain. At another spot we can imagine the noble earl pausing and saying:

"Here, according to tradition, Mrs. Tomkins, is the spot where the blind girl of Pompeii, one of the most exquisite figures of ancient legend, having guided the man she loved and his betrothed through the ruins of the burning city, turned back and cast herself into the sea, knowing that she had secured for another the happiness that could never be hers."

Mrs. Tomkins will feel an emotion she has never known before and realize how charming and superior are the words that come from noble lips.

Another nobleman will conduct the tourists over the deathless scenes of Athenian history and expound the beauties of the Parthenon, the glories of the age of Pericles and the intellectual life of the days of Socrates and Plato. A similar task will be undertaken by another of the committee in Egypt, by another in Palestine, and so on through the list of countries to be visited. The passengers will absorb cultivation, while never losing sight of the main point of " social standing."

The duties of the noble lords will not be light, for "the cruise itinerary" will include visits to Marseilles, Naples, Capri, Palermo, the Ilraens (for Athens), Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrout (for Damascus and Baalbec), Haifa (for Nazareth), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Nile), Malta, Tunis and Algiers.

RESPOND EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

Of course no yacht would be large enough to carry all the people who are in need of recreation and "social standing." A big twin-screw steamship the Canada, of the Dominion Line, 10,000 tons, has been chartered for the trip. She will start from Liverpool, but those who wish to avoid the terrors of crossing the Bay of Biscay can join at Marseilles. There must be moments in tough weather when even a kind word from a real earl will lose its charm for a traveller.

From the present outlook it seems that the Canada will not be large enough to hold all the pilgrims in quest of social recognition and it is probable that a series of cruises of similar character will be organized.

Here it is time to pause and say a few words about the noble individuals composing the committee. In the first place it is remarkable how many of them have associations with America. There is the noble chairman, the Earl of Tankerville. He married Miss Leonora Van Marter, of the State of Washington. He belongs to a very ancient family, which was prominent in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At his historic family seat, Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, he has a famous herd of white cattle, which are the only descendants of the wild cattle that roamed the British Isles in prehistoric times.

Tankerville was a very gay boy in his youth, almost living up to his name, but a sad event in his family changed his heart, and he was frequently addressed religious meetings. Perhaps he will combine religious instruction with "social recognition" on the Canada.

The Earl of Craven married Miss Cornelia Martin, daughter of Bradley Martin, that very rich American, who, like William Waldorf Astor, has settled in England. The Cravens are also a very ancient family, and one of them married a widowed Queen of Bohemia, whose famous picture collection is at their place, Coombe Abbey, near Coventry.

The guests will undoubtedly take a delighted interest in young Lord Haddo, who is only twenty-five years old, unmarried, and the eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen. The Earl, who belongs to the great Gordon clan, is a very eminent nobleman, has been Governor-General of Canada and has held other important public offices. Mrs. Tomkins, Mrs. Jones and the other middle class ladies will undoubtedly take two or three daughters apiece with them on the Canada, and there will be something very like real warfare when they compete for the smiles of young Lord Haddo. Perhaps his mother will go along to protect him.

At the Azores the commander got into difficulties with the authorities and fired at the customs house men, wounding one of them dangerously. He got away safely, and later his ship was sighted at sea, blown hither and thither by the gales of the Atlantic by the Southern route. The Tyburnian was an old-fashioned armed East Indiaman with bow windows in her stern, ornamented with rows of flower pots and well-kept cannon in all her ports. She was loaded to the gunwale with champagne and things to drink, and other pleasant cargo.

I am inclined to think that one or two of the noble committee are more deeply interested than the others, and here it may be pointed out that Lord Muskerry is an Irish peer, who owns 16,500 acres from which he draws no rent to speak of. His family residence is Springfield Castle, Drum Collogher, County Limerick.

It is to be hoped and expected that this cruise will not turn out like the famous one organized many years ago by Lord Arthur Somerset, who was afterwards mixed up in an unspeakable scandal. He chartered an old wooden sailing ship called the Tyburnian and invited the public at a high figure to take a cruise with him across the Atlantic by the Southern route. The Tyburnian was an old-fashioned armed East Indiaman with bow windows in her stern, ornamented with rows of flower pots and well-kept cannon in all her ports. She was loaded to the gunwale with champagne and things to drink, and other pleasant cargo.

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The Earl of Tankerville
presents his compliments to
and on behalf of the Invitation Cruise Committee
invites him to join the Winter Cruise to
the Mediterranean described overleaf.
R.S.V.P.
The Lord Muskerry
Queen Anne's Mansions
London S.W.

The Alluring Invitation.

THE HON'L VERNON HARCOURT M.P.

Countess of Tankerville in Her Coronation Robes.

PHOTO BY ALICE HUGHES, LONDON.

The Countess of Craven.

Lord Brayc inherits a title that was created in 1529. His ancestor fought for King Charles in the great civil war.

Mr. Lewis Vernon Harcourt, M. P., is a very interesting person. He is the eldest son of the venerable Liberal leader, Sir William Harcourt, and a conspicuous man in society and politics. His nickname is "Loulou." He married Miss Ethel Burns, daughter of Walter Burns, who manages J. Pierpont Morgan's London house. She is a niece of Mr. Morgan. It is suggested that the fall of United States Steel stock may have driven this connection of the Morgan family to this way of earning an honest penny, but that is probably British ignorance.

It is not to be supposed that all these noblemen are mixing with a promiscuous lot of middle class people for their pleasure or their health merely. The minimum price of $52 a week, while not extortionate, leaves a very handsome margin of profit on a slow, second-rate steamship. With a heavy passenger list there will be a fine "take off" for everybody.

When I called on the honorary secretary, the Lord Muskerry, at Queen Anne's Mansions, I found that his hobby was only represented there occasionally by his secretary, who proved to be no less a person than Mr. Edward Lunn, a very intelligent instinct man, who arranges personally-conducted tours all over the European Continent. He, then, is the guiding spirit behind the enterprise.

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Why Some Modern Girls Are Unable to Get a Sweetheart.

THERE are lots of girls who cannot get lovers, but why? They are nice enough girls. All their friends like them; good-looking, too, perhaps, yet lovers they cannot get. For all that they desire lovers —every girl does—and marvel why they should be left out in the cold. The probability is that they have themselves to blame; they may not go the right way about it. It takes a great deal of science to really attract a man in these times. On the other hand, their tongues may be responsible; again, their style of dressing may keep the young men away. Regarding this latter—the dressing—you may wonder how that can keep a man from choosing a certain girl as a sweetheart. Well, I will try to explain.

Some girls, no matter what their position be, spend practically every penny they get, or earn, on dress; they appear in a new "rig-out" far too frequently. A new fashion in furs sets in—they must have a muff and necklet of that fur, even although it be imitation. Well, young men are, after all, a discerning set; I don't think girls give them the credit they really deserve for observation; but take my word for it, little in the way of new dresses, etc., escapes their notice.

Now, suppose a youth is earning a certain salary, perhaps enough to keep himself and a wife in comparative comfort, yet not sufficient to permit of any extravagance, what is he and to conclude if he observes the girl he would like to make his wife everlastingly appearing in new clothes? If he is sensible he will readily decide that she is not for him; his salary could not stand a constant supplying of new dresses, and very likely he comes to another conclusion, namely, that the girl, did she marry him, would be discontented with her lot if he did not keep her in the style she had been accustomed to.

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THE CRAZY GYMKHANA RACES AT FASHIONABLE LENOX

The Snapshot Photograph Taken at the Starting Line of the Gymkhana Race.

LENOX, the smartest of American Summer colonies, laughed until it cried at the gymkhana games played there this month. So amusing did Lenox find the grotesque sport, imported from India, by way of England and France, that it may decide to make the gymkhana the closing event of each season at the Massachusetts resort.

Five hundred of the wealthy dwellers in and about Lenox saw the strange race in which men and women, dogs, horses, sheep, goats, turkeys, pigs and geese, strangely intermingled, and which, amid screams and laughter, barking, neighing, cackling and grunting was finally won by a goose.

The games took place at Tanglewood, the villa picturesque as its name, which is part of the Richard C. Dixey estate. It was arranged by the famous Berkshire Hunt Club, which, like the United States Senate, has been called the millionaires' club, assisted by members of the British Embassy. The chief feature of the twelve funny games was the animal race, which any pet might enter whose owner would guarantee that it would not devour any of the other contestants.

The programmes that fluttered from hand to hand announced the entries:

The Shirt Race—Stopping to Sew on a Button.

Miss Kate Carey, white turker.
Mrs. Arthur Cunnock, white goose with pink ribbons.
Miss Jollina Cutting, white goose with pink harness.
Miss Helen Alexander, gray goose.
Miss Averill, white goose.
Miss Rosamond Dixey, white pig.
Miss Rodman, gray goose.
Mrs. C. S. Haight, tandem of white pigs with blue gingham ruffles and pink ribbons.
Miss Nora Isaigi, black pig with pink harness.
Miss Franks, black pig, pink ribbons.
A Plymouth Rock rooster, two goats and a two-year-old colt were in the lists.

"Gr—r—r" A dachshund belonging to a debutante was sternly ruled from the lists because he had growled in an ungentlemanly fashion at Miss Carey's snowy white turkey. The debutante, blushing and frowning, lifted him to her shoulder and carried him outside the rope, where he still growled and glared with red-rimmed eyes, at the turkey nervously flapping its white wings in Miss Carey's close embrace.

The flag was run up and fluttered its signal from the pole. The owners waved small whips cruelly above the backs of their pets, and chirped at them. The pigs and the Plymouth Rock rooster, the goose and the goat made a dash for liberty. Two of the pigs broke away from their owners and sprinted to the left, but a phalanx of spectators "shooed" them back. They darted to the right and were driven back. Miss Isaigi snatched the pink satin ribbon of one of them and cooed, "Go on, Satin Finish! Good pig! Dear Satty!"

But Satin Finish would not be cajoled. He squatted obstinately and refused to move. Miss Isaigi raised her whip.

"No fair to whip him, Nora. It's against the rules," called a friend from without the ropes.

"O—O—O! Look out!" came in chorus from the other side of the ropes.

Billy, the goat, had gone as far as he would. He declared this eloquently by pawing up the lovely green award ruthlessly and looking at the crowd with eyes so bloodshot that several in the front row of camp chairs went to the rear with little dignity and much haste.

The lion cub, aged two months, owned by one of the British Embassy, following the precedent of the Princess de Lucigne, who raced a lion at Compiegne, France, had walked on lightly, stopping occasionally to yawn, now sat down to survey the striking sheep and goat. Billy's rolling red eye fell upon him. Billy's black beard wagged and his nose sought the ground. Danger hovered over the sleepy lion cub, when, fortunately, Billy's ominous attention was distracted. The crowd had broken into cheers as loud as were consistent with good breeding.

"Hurrah for Miss Alexander! Three cheers for the gray goose! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

A whirr of wild wings, a white, flapping body in the air, and the crowd shouted. Miss Averill's white goose had flown across the line after Miss Alexander's gray one.

Squawk! Whizz! Whoo—oo! A pale gray mass of feathers rose into the air and a laughing girl ran over the line.

"Rah for Miss Rodman and her goose!"

And now that impending thing happened. Billy advanced savagely intending to bowl that lion cub over, and waken him effectually. It took three men and five women to frustrate Billy's wicked purpose. The millionaire's heir tumbled across the ropes.

The judge, a grave member of the British Embassy, announced, "First Winner, Miss Helen Alexander's goose."

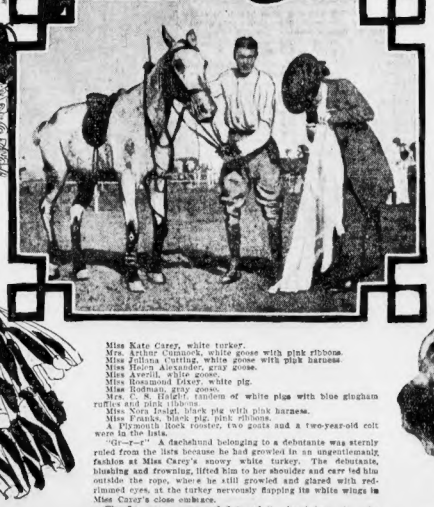
He handed the silver bangle to the winner, who refused it, but the bangle was graciously accepted by the winner's owner. The Englishman cleared his throat and continued:

"The honors have gone to the humblest. Speed is not always to the wise. Who has not been called a silly goose?" He waved his hand at the three winners. "But our friends here are as swift as sil-y."

Miss Helen Alexander's Goose Took a Sudden Flight into the Air, Crossed the Goal and Won First Prize.

THE HUMAN DUMMY OBSTACLE RACE

The Princess de Lucigne and Her Racing Baby Lion.



Bullock Cart Loaded with Dummies.

The animals were retired and other races followed. Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador; Mr. P. Wyndham, a secretary of the legation, and Mr. Van Ness Phillips, of New York, rode daringly in the tent pegging race.

The dummy race, a farcical feat in which a man must gallop from the starting point to a post where sits a stuffed dummy, and with the dummy in front of him on the horse, gallops back to the starting line, the first man arriving being the winner, was won by David P. Dana, of New York. Mr. Dana's expert horsemanship also won for him the thread and needle race and the pegging with lances. The egg and spoon race was won by Miss Heloise Meyer, of Boston. Miss Constance Parsons, of New York, was the winner in lifting at rings. Mr. Van Ness Phillips, of New York, won at lemon cutting; Mr. Arthur S. Dixey at pegging with sabres; Joseph Burden, of New York, the heads and post race, and J. W. Burden and Miss Parsons the tea and cake race. A shirt race like that introduced at the recent Southampton (Long Island) gymkhana, in which the men rode from the starting point dismounted, waited while a woman sewed a button on his shirt, then galloped on to the goal, was a draw.

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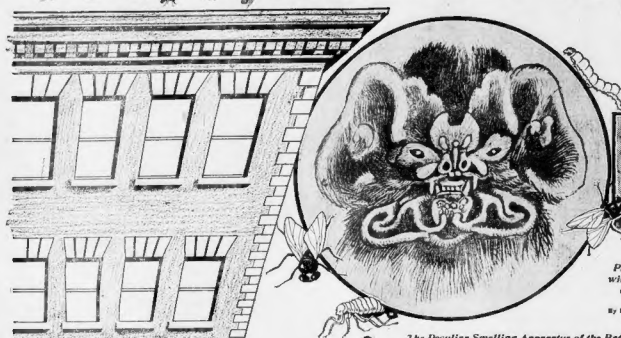
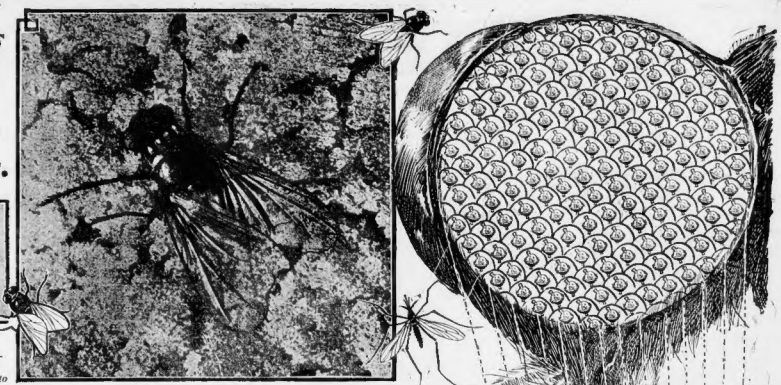
A "WORM'S-EYE-VIEW"— of Things in This World, and How They Look, Sound and Smell to Little Bugs, Flies and Worms.



The Peculiar Smelling Apparatus of the Bat.
Drawing by J. Carter Beard, in the Scientific American.

Photograph Taken with the Multitudinous Lenses of a Fly's Eye.
By Prof. W. F. Watson, of Furman University, S. C.

How the Underside of a Fly's Tongue Looks to a Microbe.



How the Rough Surface of a Piece of Sponge Cake Looks to a Fly.
Magnified Photograph by Prof. Watson.

PROBABLY everybody above the age of six has had more or less time to discover for himself a fly swooping down on it with outstretched hand, only to suddenly change its course and dart off in the other direction, leaving the baffled would-be fly-catcher to feel that the elusive fly could almost be forced in the fact that the fly was watching our movements out of the corners of exactly eight thousand and three eyes. Why, these be detected the hand completely approaching in his direction and escape.

Another reason for his horrified retreat is that the mind of seeing only one hand making for him he saw through the lenses of his compound eyes between 7,500 and 8,000 hands, all looking alike and all moving down on him from the same direction.

A third reason why the fly got away is because of the fact that the fly's eyes are so set that he is able to see all of the side of one object in two directions and half, or twenty-four miles an hour.

These and many other curious and even startling facts about the common house fly and such other familiar insects as the grasshopper, the caterpillar and the garden bootle have been called to the attention of the scientific world through the patient and complete investigations of Prof. W. F. Watson, of Furman University, South Carolina.

One of the most interesting of Prof. Watson's discoveries is that it is possible to make photographs of horizontal photographs of an object simply by moving the camera around it in a circle, keeping the object at a certain glass lens of a camera. The camera lens sees only one reflection of the object on which it is focussed, while the fly's eyes, when in perfect condition, show 8,000 photographic reproductions of the same thing.

A perfect multiple picture photographed through the medium of a fly's eye is reproduced on this page, and gives a good idea what a fly sees when he looks at a man from a distance of about ten feet.

To take the photograph Prof. Watson first placed a fly under a powerful microscope, and then, as he moved the lens from the insect's left compound eye to the right one, the object in the microscope, looked very much like an enormous and perfectly formed piece of honeycomb containing thousands of cells, was pressed between two thin pieces of glass, thus spreading all of the countless hexes out flat. This double plate was next placed upon the stage of the microscope, and in front of the microscope was the object which it was desired to photograph.

Photographing with a Fly's Eye

Then the telescope mirror was turned to an angle of about 45 degrees, necessary to reflect the image of the subject through the thousands of fly's lenses lying upon the stage above. Each of these lenses received a perfect picture and projected it through the objective glass of the microscope, through the eyepiece and out to a sensitive plate held by an ordinary camera attachment. Upon this plate each of the numerous hexes threw a picture of the object it had received. All that now remained was to develop the plate and make a print from it, in the same process as is followed in ordinary photography. The picture obtained is of course very simple, highly shiny and clear, considering the extent of the multiple reflection.

While nature has been exceedingly generous to the common house fly in the matter of eyes, these are other insects which have been even more highly favored. Some of the little beetles which are to be found apparently aimlessly wandering around in the garden without any special object in view have 25,000 and some even 27,000 eyes, and they use them all.

Prof. Watson has been able to determine that when a fly stands on the window pane and looks out at a man standing about six feet away it sees only a small portion of the entire figure of the man. Just how much of these fragmentary pictures is sent to the brain by the fact that the fly's eyes are contained in a space not larger than the head of an ordinary pin. If you were to divide the area into eight thousand equal parts and put a reflection of the object looked at into each one of them each reflection would necessarily have to be magnified many times over before you could get an idea of what it represented.

This, briefly, is the way the fly sees a man. Now, to human being, but it is a source of much comfort to a fly. The fly knows perfectly well that a man is not a fly, but has no more way to rely on that fact than is scarcely noticeable. At the same time his eyes are under a perfect control that instead of always seeing right, thousand reflections of whatever he does his gaze on, he can focus his eyes so many different objects at once, above, below, to right and left, and face and all, and in that way gather hold his little head a complete picture of almost his entire surroundings.

As a matter of fact, though, as scientists have observed, the fly does not see through all of its eyes at once. He has two sorts of eyes—the big, compound eyes, which are the ones that are made up of thousands of honeycomb hexes, which he depends on during the daytime when flying around in search of food and so on, and the little, simple eyes on the top of his head, which are much stronger than the compound eyes and which the fly uses at early morning and at dusk or on the light is not good.

Flies are very curious about their eyes. In the case of old flies which have survived the Winter the compound eyes have been found saved in and broken so badly that it was a wonder that they were able to get out of them at all. In an experiment on one of these year-old flies to determine just how good or bad its eyesight was the three simple eyes were carefully over to render them temporarily useless. Then a very tempting piece of sugar was placed in the insect's nearest to the fly. Both actually touched the fly before it seemed aware of the proximity of either the bulb or the light. It was also possible to touch the fly's antennae with a knitting needle before it showed any disposition to fly away.

The Fly's Queer Pneumatic Wings.

Two other very peculiar features of the human fly are its wings and its organs of smell. The way in which the wings are fastened to the body of the fly is quite in a very slender stalk fringed with a few hairs. These wings are exceedingly thin, and all the more wonder that the fly on the town does not fall to the ground when it flies.

The globes are pneumatic pumps, which keep the veins of the fly's wings pumped full of air and consequently rest and stiff. This theory the fly's wing was removed, and, to ascertain, set decide matters.

If the tips of a fly's wings are clipped off the insect will be unable to fly. This is not simply because the wings are no longer large enough to counterbalance the weight of his body during flight, but because they have been punctured like the tire of a bicycle or motor car and let out the wind tunnel that the little air pumps under the wings can pump it.

The question very naturally arise how it is that scientists have been able to determine that a fly's wings beat the air 371 times a second. It would be impossible for the human eye to see. Nobody could count at the rate of 371 per second.

But a very simple way of determining the velocity of speed of the fly's wings was found by listening to the musical note the wings made when in motion and then by finding the same note on the piano. It was E—four line of the treble clef. This particular note is made by 371 vibrations a second. To produce this note the fly had to move its wings at the same rate.

Prof. Francis W. Leggett, of the New York Microscopical Society, recently found out some very queer things about a fly's tongue. In the following item in a report, to which he says:

"Many persons have wondered how the insects in amber got there. I have often wondered myself, but even that little poet, the household fly, such a pre-historic relic may be kept. Scientists have given the matter a great deal of thought, and it has been recorded on and extensively dealt with in scientific works and other publications. And yet, in view of a discovery which I have recently made in a series of microscopical investigations, I believe that all the theories advanced and reasons given why the fly has such a big head have been based upon incorrect beliefs.

"The fly needs such an enormous head to accommodate its peculiar tongue. A small space is reserved for brains, nerves, eyes and other accessory adjuncts, but the remainder is needed for the tongue and the muscles which control the movements of it.

"According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the common house fly runs its food up. As the fly's tongue is not flexible this can hardly be true. Another article the authority says that food passes up the fly's proboscis—which is hollow—by capillary attraction.

"As capillary attraction is effective for only a short distance and as the proboscis of the fly is quite long in proportion to its size, this does not seem reasonable.

"The fly's proboscis passes through a sort of bulb in the head, and thence through the neck, which is extremely small, and then into the stomach. I believe that the bulb in the head is controlled by muscles which at one make it expand and contract, and that food in a section through the proboscis is forced along by the way in which the fly takes in its nourishment. This process by which the fly takes in its nourishment is

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John the Baptist Crying in the Wilderness.

The Remarkable Religious Sculpture That Has Just Won the Grand Prize at Rome.

THE whole artistic world of Paris is talking of the statue of John the Baptist, which has won the grand prize at Rome.

At the last exhibition of the Salon it was the object of much wondering, wondering.

"It's gotta boo noticed!" they say, and it is a pity upon the artist's name, besides being the truth. Under the statue is engraved "J. B. Larrieu." It has made for him a tremendous success, although he is comparatively unknown. He has started to Jean Bernard did in 1891 when he exhibited his painting of "Jesus, Thief in the Colonies."

Like the modern Jesus, Larrieu's "John the Baptist" is emblematic of the struggle of youth and the vanity of age. Larrieu is twenty-five years of age. He has dared to divest the preacher of his raiment, to make of the coarse hair of camels, and of the leathern girdle about his loins.

He has modelled him nude in the act of preaching to the Israelites. As it is told in the Scriptures.

"And in those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, saying, Repent ye for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. * * * Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father, for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

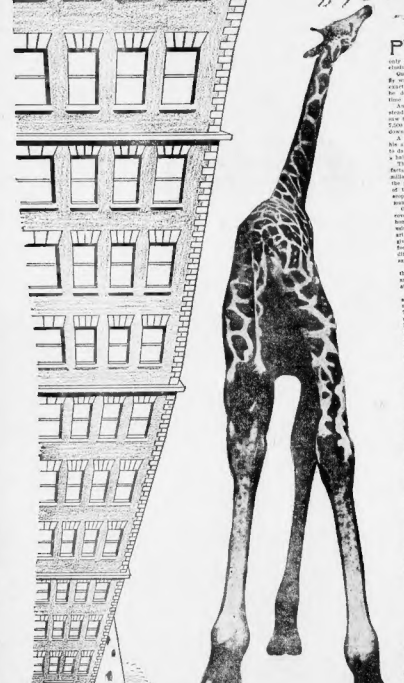
"The statue is not classical," say the upholders of Greek sculpture. It is modern in the manner of Rodin. "John the Baptist" is presented nude in order to show the artist's full knowledge of anatomy.

But his knowledge of anatomy is wonderful, and so the judges forgive him for defying the established conceptions of John the Baptist, and they have given him the Grand Prix de Rome.

This means that he will be sent to Rome with all the expenses paid for a year. There he will join the Eternal City itself he will learn the very innermost secrets of modelling as it concerns them. And yet there are those among the artists who regret that L'Arrieu has won the great prize. They say that he will return conventional and with a poverty of ideas. They hope, many of them, that he will be the last of the Rome Art students to be sent to Italy.

They say that his "John the Baptist" is great just because it defies tradition. The preacher was chosen chiefly when he called the people to repentance and redemption in the wilderness of Judaea. L'Arrieu has made him seem much older, but he has preserved in the face that humility that was his characteristic—the humility that made him say: "He must increase, but I must decrease." Although he foresaw that his fame would be eclipsed by the coming of Christ, even as the star of morning fades in the glare of the sun, he was delighted when his great rival came to be baptized.

It is certainly a very fine statue, but he seems to be suffering rather than preaching, as though the sculptor wished to foretell that he would offend. The report that shocked Herod is in his gesture. He seems to be exhorting, thereafter interpreting. L'Arrieu presents John the Baptist as a man of the people, not as a prophet, for on account when his head should be brought in a dish and presented to the daughter of Herodias. The sculptor has made him a man of the people, illustrating the principle that the common British is his sincere entering and sincere repentance.



How a Sky-Scraper Looks to a Fly as He Flies Over It.

How a Giraffe Appears to a Caterpillar.

How an Elephant Looks to a Circus Worm.

Multitudinous Images Caught by the Nine Lenses of a Fly's Eye.

Caterpillars with Elephants' Heads.

Although the comparison may seem absurd, it is nevertheless a fact that the caterpillar's head is very much like that of an elephant. It has a smiling face, a trunk, with which it can either suck up food direct or convey it to its mouth. This trunk when not in use is kept coiled up something like a watchspring. Branching out from either side of the trunk there are two tusks, which are used for digging, and two small feelers, with which it can feel or smell. When the caterpillar was designed it was supplied with twenty-six pairs of very small and very weak legs in place of what good strong ones. At least four pairs of its hips are a plan. That is, they are of no use for walking on, and the caterpillar rarely depends on them to help prop up his body in the middle, while the front and back legs have to furnish the motive power. The real legs are supplied with horny claws or hooks, which the insect uses in clinging to whatever surface it is crossing.

The caterpillar's method of walking is to get a firm grip for its claws from a vertical, crawling and then to a horizontal butterfly it first spins a silken thread, fastening it to some convenient object, and then applies itself to the silk by means of its last pair of hind false legs. It moves patiently in this position with the head curving outward until its skin dries, cracks and then splits open. Gradually this horny skin shrinks and wants its way upward toward the other end of the fly's body. The chrysalis kept moving from falling to the ground by elastic ligaments at the end of the body by which it is fastened to the leaves of its skin. In this the long, horny piece at the extremity of the chrysalis case, which is now empty, serves as a protection to the delicate wings and tongue, which are connected with the chrysalis the ornamental body is then transferred to the case and there it remains for the period of its transformation, which takes from nine to fifteen days. As its organs of digestion are not needed during this period, they are treated in absorbed and factored, thereby giving the body to preserve them for future use. At the end of this time the chrysalis cracks open and the butterfly, after twenty-four or forty-eight hours succeeds in hardening its wings and becoming itself. At first its wings and legs are weak and the new, soft, moist wings are folded up in a way that makes it impossible for it to fly. It is certainly all on your hand, but attempting to soar unless gently pushed, when, probably through fear of losing the equilibrium, it will manage to take a few steps. The body and wings tremble, while the latter

Ants' Eyes Better Than Ours.

The reason for this is in the fact that the compound eye of the natural lens will not allow of its being used for more than two or three objects at once. In fact, it is composed of a soft, gelatinous substance enclosed in a highly transparent skin. The eye is divided vertically by cells from side to side and the transverse of the convex surface is not and the images reflected are flattened.

A series of experiments was made several years ago with light of different wave-lengths, as ours, to discover, if possible, whether the limits of vision in insects were the same as in human beings.

After a number of observations demonstrating the fact that insects are blind to the ultra-violet rays which lie beyond the violet end of our vision, the question arose how two such rays as the red and violet, for instance, could be distinguished and the color perceived by the ultra-violet rays, would affect the color. A section of bullet is the complete of carbon, and a disc of resinite, carmine and indigo, combined in such an absorbs the red factors, leaving only the violet and the color was then placed between the ultra-violet rays and the eyes of the insects, and the images received were observed. Results were obtained which were most interesting. It was found that the ultra-violet rays were not seen by the insects, but that the violet rays were seen by them. The ultra-violet rays were not seen by the insects, but that the violet rays were seen by them. The ultra-violet rays were not seen by the insects, but that the violet rays were seen by them.

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SHAWLS

WHAT MRS. OSBORN SAYS!

CREATOR OF FASHIONS FOR THE FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

MRS. ROBERT OSBORN

PHOTO. BY MARCEAU, N.Y.

A—Lace bedspread shawl in old Italian Squares.

B—Egyptian lace scarf trimmed in gold beads.

C—Point applique scarf.

D—Lace scarf, pellerine and head drapers as they were worn by our grandmothers.

E—Mantilla of Maltese lace.

Spanish Draperies for the Head and Shoulders—The Coquettish Mantilla a Fad of the Season—The Lace Scarfs of Our Grandmothers One of Fashion's Revivals—Big Lace Bedspreads Cover Fair Shoulders—Gold and Silver Lace Shoulder Draperies and Quaint Old Shawls the Mode.

INSTEAD of the stereotyped coats with which we are all more or less familiar women are using draperies of lace by way of wraps. These seemingly delicate protectionss prove quite sufficient upon warm evenings and harmonize well with the fluffy and dainty Summer gowns with which they are worn.

Artistic effects in dress have become such a study nowadays that women realize perfectly the bewitching effects they may obtain by draping their heads in filmy mantillas of lace. They know how soft a frame is set about the face and how the folds of lace outline the graceful poise of the head. Inborn coquetry teaches the American woman how to dispose most effectively of the draperies of lace upon her head and shoulders, just as it taught the same lessons to fair senoritas in Spain centuries ago.

The fashionable world of to-day is diving into the past for fashions with which to be new. Here it has drawn forth an 1830 skirt, and there an Empire gown; somewhere else a bonnet stamped 1860 and a lace scarf over a century old, and last it has rummaged in the long ago and brought out fine point lace draperies, such as the wives of the Venetian Doges were wont to wear—mantillas, whose silken meshes once graced the dark tresses of Spanish queens, and bedquilts, such as were wrought in sections by the reigning families of Italy and the lower provinces long before any maps with which we are familiar were traced.

These bedquilts are so smart upon the shoulders of a modern society woman that they are entitled to a word, albeit most of them are, of necessity, but imitations. A real one, made in square sections joined by a lace stitch, is quite a priceless possession, for it was once the property of some royal dame, a souvenir quilt, to which every royal lady of her acquaintance has contributed a square, bordered with her individual border and usually emblazoned with the insignia of her reigning house wrought in lace.

Shawls made in squares, to imitate these ancient marvels of feminine industry, now appear in white and cream-colored lace, often with fringes, and as these are really fascinated bedspreads, one may imagine that so far as protection from chill evening air goes they keep thoroughly warm the shoulders which they adorn.

The ancient kingdoms of Europe, however, have not been the only ones to contribute to this new fad of smart women. Egypt has furnished a scarf several yards long and very wide of cream-colored lace net spangled with gold and bordered with small gold pyramids.

This form of scarf is as becoming to a brunette as one of equal size in filmy exquisite point applique is to a blonde.

There is no limit to the varieties of lace of which a scarf may be made, provided, of course, that it is fine of texture and hand wrought. Owners of rare scarfs of old Mechlin, honiton and Duchesse lace are unfolding their treasures with pride and gratefully draping them over their heads at night or winding them loosely about their aristocratic shoulders. Fine old lace is like blue blood—it comes to us through generations of possession, and I should say that just now smartly gowned women appear to prize their former inheritance more than the latter. Custom never stales the pleasure in old lace which is born in a woman of refined taste.

We see, therefore, lightly thrown around the shoulders of well-gowned women, beautiful scarfs that have descended from grandmothers and great grandmothers for generations back, just as the rare lace caps of Holland and Brittany descend as precious heirlooms. There are Flemish and French, English, Italian and Spanish laces; those of ancient Venice—which are quite different from modern Point de Venise—and novel meshes from the East, which has only recently learned the lacemaker's art.

Besides all the lovely lace scarfs that charm us with their delicate tracery of flowers and birds and graceful fancy patterns, we have mantillas, made in the regular old fashion with a head-piece and long, wide ends of Maltese lace, principally, for Malta furnishes the prettiest of the Spanish laces. Indeed, Maltese lace is not strictly a Spanish lace as it has an exquisite individuality of its own.

Until last Year Maltese lace was never made of anything but silk, and the mantillas and scarfs of Maltese lace are all of silk and each one wrought in an individual pattern. The reason of this lies in the fact that each family of lace makers on the island of Malta has its own lace pattern, and as it takes from six to ten months to make a smart mantilla or shoulder scarf, they do not get much chance to repeat the pattern of it.

Of course the individuality of fine lace patterns is one of the chief charms to the woman who aims to wear only exclusive things.

The Armenians and Persians have sent over this season scarfs and mantillas of wonderfully fine thread and workmanship. Their patterns—small, geometrical and conventional designs — are so different from anything else we have in lace that one does not marvel at their popularity among women who can afford them.

This Persian lace is remarkably even and attractive in stitch and decorative design.

While people who are very smart envelop their shoulders, and sometimes their heads, in scarfs and mantillas, bed spreads and shawls of lace—both fringed and unfringed on the edges—there are numbers of women who neither do not are able to purchase these extravagant articles of dress. Such women, and others who do not care for lace particularly, wear filmy scarfs and shawls of chiffon, hand-painted in delicate colors that contrast softly with the ground color of the material. One such scarf, like the pale reflection of dawn in its softly blended tints, is edged with a very narrow border of Duchesse lace. One may imagine how becoming such a scarf would be to a fair face.

Besides hand-painted scarfs of chiffon there are others of the sheer, soft and lovely East Indian silk gauzes, and there are, too, many of both materials printed in floral designs almost, and sometimes quite, as lovely as hand-painting.

These are too pretty to be disregarded by those who care more for a becoming color than for coolness in a scarf.

Sometimes it becomes necessary to explain what not to wear as well as what to wear. In respect to scarfs it might be well to warn owners of Renaissance and Teneriffe lace not to wear it either in or on shoulder scarfs or mantillas. We are reverting to ancient types in lace patterns and these two laces are distinctly too modern to be smart. Renaissance is so much a modern imitation of the original lace of that name that it has even lost practically all semblance to it.

The chiffon and lace stoles of various makes and qualities that have fluttered about women in recent seasons have prepared the way for the advent of the long, wide scarf of our grandmothers, but the quaint, old-fashioned shawl, folded in a point, has come upon us unawares. True, old prints showed us these shawls in wonderful contortions of drapery, sometimes in graceful folds and oftener in an enveloping wall that suggested nothing less than a barrel inside, so straight were its lines.

This shawl is with us, folded in a point down the middle of the back and allowed to hang in more or less natural folds. It is of lace, or printed chiffon, and sometimes has knotted fringes. It comes in quaint old decorative patterns that suggest the idea that the human back was formerly taken for a sort of wall upon which to display the beauty of lace designs, as the ancient grandees of Rome used their walls in the time of Michael Angelo and Giovanni di Udini.

Lace designs drawn by these famous artists are still extant, and, alas for us! fashion plates showing how lace designs in big squares may be exhibited upon the feminine form are also extant, and, in our mind's eye, we see visions of figures swathed in shawls, hung so as to effectually obliterate every line of beauty they may possess.

Paris has started the wearing of hoods and mantles—another form of head and shoulder drapery. These mantles are of taffeta and are usually made to wear with dresses of the same kind, whose elaborate garniture and bouffant sleeves would be quite crushed under an ordinary wrap. The hoods of these loose coverings are filled in with the prettiest of fluffy chiffon linings, all dainty puffings and ruchings that make the hood set jauntily and coquettishly on the head. The lace, too, is effectively used in them and they are trimmed on the outside with quaint puffed and shirred bands

Josef Hilton Osborn

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The Mayor and One of the Richest Men in Charlottesville, Va., in Jail, Charged with the Murder of His Wife, and the Jail Constantly Guarded, So Strong Is the Popular Belief in His Guilt.

MYSTERY OF A BATH TUB

McCue's Residence in Which the Murder Was Committed.

Ex-Mayor J. Samuel McCue.

WHEN neighbors and a policeman came to the house of Ex-Mayor J. Samuel McCue in response to his telephone message, they found his wife dead in a bath tub partly filled with water, the body being clad in a nightdress and covered with blood from a gunshot wound in the breast, the nose being broken and the face bruised.

McCue said that he had been rendered unconscious by a blow from a strange man who entered the bedroom while he and his wife were undressing, and that the first thing he did on reviving was to telephone for aid.

An examination of the bruise on his cheek showed that so slight a blow would not have stunned a six-year old child.

McCue said that the blood on his under garments was due to his having taken the body of his wife in his arms.

Part of one of McCue's shirts, covered with blood, was found tucked under the bathtub.

It was notorious that McCue and his wife quarrelled constantly over his infidelities.

Charlottesville, Va., Sept. 16.

IT is now probable that Charlottesville will be spared the horror of seeing its late Mayor lynched by self-appointed avengers of his wife's brutal murder, but it must still face the humiliation of seeing him tried, and perhaps executed, for that crime. In the meantime it must be admitted that those citizens who believe their ex-Mayor to be innocent are growing daily less in number, and that the continued guarding of the jail where he is confined is a wise precaution.

Ex-Mayor J. Samuel McCue had been only ten days out of office when his charming wife was shot and beaten to death in their house, the scene of the city's most aristocratic social functions. He was still one of Charlottesville's foremost citizens, wealthy, an officer of his church, and generally respected. His wife came from one of the best families of Virginia. She had borne him four children, all of whom are living, the eldest being eighteen, and one daughter verging on womanhood. The pathetic certainty in the minds of these children that their father had no part in the crime is all that now keeps many of his old friends faithful to him.

There is only circumstantial evidence upon which to convict this murderer--the Mayor was accused, but claims to have been rendered unconscious by the assassin's first blow, and revived only to find his wife dead. They had returned from the evening service at their church. The Mayor's own account of the tragedy prior to his arrest will serve to give an idea of the scene in the McCue residence before and after the crime's commission.

The Account Which Is Not Believed.

"Mrs. McCue and I got home from church at about 10 o'clock," he said. "We went at once to our room on the upper floor and prepared to retire. The gas had been turned down. I turned it up and sat down to read a newspaper. My wife undressed and laid her clothing on a chair. She was ready for bed when I went over to my chiffonier and began to undress. I took off my coat and collar and was removing my negligee shirt when I suddenly noticed a strange man moving toward me. The gas had been turned low again. There had been two burglaries in our house, and I kept one of my bowling pieces loaded in a corner of the room. I rushed for the gun with my shirt partly over my head. The man rushed toward me. I felt a crashing blow on the side of my head and became unconscious.

"I don't know how long I was unconscious. When I came to I was dazed. I looked around, but could not see well. I went down stairs in a confused state with the idea of calling for assistance over the telephone. I did not see my wife anywhere. I think I first called up my brother Frank, the doctor. Then I telephoned the friends --Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Williams and Miss Williams. It looked smoky in the hall. Then I called John, the colored stable boy, who slept in a room of the addition in the rear of the house. He came and I told him that somebody had nearly killed me, and I was afraid they had killed Mrs. McCue, as I did not see her anywhere.

"When my brother and the Williamses came we searched the house, and in the bath room at the rear end of the hall on the bedroom floor we found my poor wife. She was in her nightdress, in the bathtub, which was partly filled with water, in a sitting position. She was dead--with a gunshot wound in her breast and a terribly bruised head. My shotgun, which had been fired, lay on the floor, and in the bathroom was a baseball bat which belonged to my son.

"My wife's nightdress was covered with blood. I took her in my arms, hoping she still lived, and carried her to her bed. The shirt which I wore was covered with her blood."

Strange Glances from old Friends.

This was the account of the murder with which the whole city was familiar on the day of the funeral. There was nothing in it which the neighbors or the stable boy, who were first on the scene, could contradict. Yet the attitude toward him of even the Mayor's personal friends was curious in its lack of sympathy. He bore himself as a grief-stricken husband of refined breeding should at the funeral of the wife so suddenly taken from him. No one could criticise his manner in any way. Yet the majority of glances turned upon him were cold and had suspicion in them not well disguised.

This was because it had been common gossip for a long time that the Mayor and his wife did not lead a happy life together. Although apparently an affable man, he was known to have a quick temper. It was further an old story that Mrs. McCue had put up with his infidelities, refraining from seeking a divorce owing to the children, to whom both were passionately attached. These things, while much gossiped about, did not affect McCue's social position or cause him to be relieved of his work as an officer of the Presbyterian Church.

After the funeral the Coroner secured a jury and began a long hearing behind closed doors. There had arrived from a neighboring town a man who was ready to name the murderer. This was Ernest B. Crawford, a brother of Mrs. McCue, who had for a long time up to a few months ago been a member of the Mayor's family. He told the Coroner's jury how on the night of the murder he had received a brief telephone message announcing his sister's death. Then publicly he authorized all that the city had gossiped so long about--McCue's frequent acts of infidelity, how many times he had remained away from home for days together, his wife's knowledge of the nature of the slights placed upon her, their frequent quarrels. Said this brother of the murdered woman:

A Most Unhappy Couple.

"They were the most unhappy couple I have ever known. Couldn't one in their home were about as bad as they could be."

Crawford had heard from his sister that bitterly her husband's conduct had been harder to bear than ever. She had reflected upon suicide, but always the thought of her children had restrained her. Crawford recalled that McCue, in his fits of anger when she upbraided him, had threatened to kill her, going to the extent of following her through the house with a pistol.

"Our family took no notice of these things," he said. "We recognized that McCue was a passionate man when aroused, and knew that any interference on our part would only make matters worse for my sister."

A policeman who had helped McCue carry the murdered woman from the bath room testified to finding part of one of the Mayor's shirts concealed under the bathtub. The garment which he wore when the policeman arrived at the house was wet in places as though an attempt had been made to wash out spots.

The secret part of the hearing ended with the testimony of the colored stable boy, John. This was startling in the doubt it cast upon the truthfulness of the Mayor's statement. While the court secluded by John is in a rear addition to the house, it is on a level with the bedroom floor, where the murder was committed. There is only a wooden wall between it and the bathroom where Mrs. McCue's body was found. The stable boy was lying in bed reading a newspaper when the Mayor and his wife came home from church.

Heard Mrs. McCue Weeping.

"The first strange thing I noticed," he said, "was sounds of a woman crying. I got up and listened out of my window. Then I knew the weeping was in McCue's house. The bathroom window was nearest to mine. For three or four minutes I could hear Mrs. McCue in there, crying aloud. I said to myself that she must have news of a death in the family; so I went back to bed.

"Pretty soon I heard loud voices. Then the sound of feet in the hall, and then I heard a gun go off. It was kind of muffled, like when you fire a shotgun into something at short range. This scared me. I got up and dressed myself, and pretty soon I heard McCue calling me. I went around the front way just as Policeman Metcraft arrived, and we found Mrs. McCue's body in the bath tub."

The colored boy was certain about the sound of Mrs. McCue had wept aloud for several minutes, why had the Mayor said nothing about it? After the weeping and before the shot there were sounds of feet in the hall. From the bathroom to the door of the front bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McCue is a distance of twenty or twenty-five feet. Any one man might have followed Mrs. McCue to the bathroom and shot her; but would Mrs. McCue have spent several minutes weeping after seeing her husband struck down by a strange man suddenly invading their bedroom as they were retiring?

At this point a warrant was obtained and policemen were sent to arrest ex-Mayor McCue. From a secret session the coroner's hearing became an open one. But the verdict was not rendered until it was known that McCue was safe in the jail and the jail guarded. The coroner knew that any man openly accused of the murder of Mrs. McCue would not be safe in the streets of Charlottesville.

Tearful Parting with the Children.

Mayor McCue was arrested in his house in the presence of his children. In order that the prisoner could be taken to the jail without attracting attention, his two brothers had been notified. They arrived with the officers, and a carriage was waiting in the street.

When the warrant had been read the Mayor surrendered himself quietly, saying:

"By the grace of God I will come out all right. Do your duty, gentlemen."

The children, realizing the situation, were crying. The prisoner turned to them, himself weeping, and said:

"Do not be uneasy. I am not afraid of the consequences, if I get a fair trial. I have committed no crime."

He kissed the children goodby, all of them weeping as they embraced, and was taken away. No application for bail was made, although there is ample property among the McCue brothers to secure a large bond.

The examination of the prisoner brought forth nothing to reconcile his former story with the testimony of other witnesses. Arrangements to have the jail carefully guarded were made and the verdict of the Coroner's jury was announced. It charged ex-Mayor McCue with the murder of his wife.

From the testimony before the Coroner the State has established a theory of the crime in detail, to which other facts are contributory. It was observed that the Mayor and his wife did not sit together in church that evening, and that they neither arrived nor departed together. They were as plainly on bad terms with each other as well-bred husbands and wives may be in public. The theory of the prosecution is this:

The Whole Case in Theory.

Upon meeting in their room on their return from church Mrs. McCue spoke to her husband about his most recent act of unfaithfulness, and he became angry. She was a woman who considered it her Christian duty not to overlook glaring faults of her husband, and, though a charming woman, there was considerable asperity in her voice when discussing a personal grievance. The quarrel grew until McCue, beside himself, choked his wife and struck her with the object nearest at hand, smashing her nose and bruising her head.

Then the poor woman went through the hall to the bathroom to wash the blood from her face. She turned on the water in the bathtub, and as she bathed her bruises she spent bitterly over her wrongs and from the pain she suffered. It was found afterward that her nose was broken. Her cries and moans were loud enough to reach the ears of the colored stable boy through the wall which separated his room from the bathroom.

Meantime, it is conceived that the husband nursed his wrath alone in the bedroom. Consciousness of his brutality did not serve to lessen his temper. When, finally, his wife returned from the bathroom bruised and disfigured, she, too, was in a desperate mood. In the bathroom she had seen a baseball bat belonging to her son. Why could her husband go about the streets with his handsome, smiling face, while she was probably disfigured for life? So she took back with her to the bedroom the baseball bat.

She had the billet of wood concealed in a fold of her nightdress. The quarrel recommenced. She drew the bat from its hiding place and aimed a blow at her husband's face. He dodged and received only a glancing blow on the cheek--a blow which several surgeons afterward said would not have rendered unconscious a child of six years.

Pursued Her with Loaded Gun.

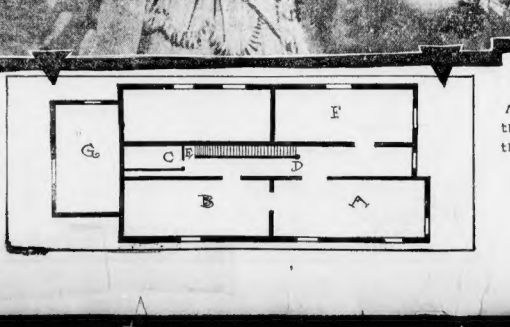
But the blow maddened him. It was then that he picked up his loaded fowling-piece. His wife, thoroughly frightened now, seeing murder in his eyes, fled down the hall to the bathroom. McCue pursued her with the gun. These were the footsteps which the stable boy heard.

But the wife was too late to close the bathroom door. The fiend with the gun was on the threshold. She raised the baseball bat to defend herself, and backed to the side of the bathtub, whose rim was level with her knees. At that moment, with the muzzle of his gun almost against the lace at her bosom, McCue fired. Mortally wounded, the woman fell backward into the bath tub, which was still partly filled with the water in which she had bathed her bruises received in the first part of the quarrel.

McCue was so near his victim that blood spurted upon his garment. What was his first thought? To free himself of blood-stains. While he was at this task the slight bruise on his cheek inspired him with the defence he has made--that his wife was murdered while he lay unconscious from the effects of the assassin's first blow aimed at himself. No matter, then, about the blood stains, or his wet garment; no matter about anything in his appearance, the attack of the assassin would account for any deficiency in the story he would tell.

So, leaving his wife's body in the bathtub, he went down stairs and began sending telephone messages in keeping with the story he was to tell. He did not count on the chance of a servant having heard his wife's moans while she bathed her wounds in the bathroom. He himself had heard none. His children were still silent in their rooms. And it did not occur to him that a man in his position need fear tale-bearing on the part of his wife's relatives.

This is how the case looks to most people in Charlottesville--and so the jail where ex-Mayor McCue awaits trial is well guarded.



A--McCue's bedroom, where the Mayor says he was assaulted.
B--Ruby McCue's room.
C--The bathroom, where Mrs. McCue's body was found.
D--Upper hall, with bathroom at the end.
E--Head of stairway down which the Mayor ran.
F--His son's bedroom.
G--Stable boy's bedroom from which he heard a woman's voice.

Diagram of the McCue Home.

Mrs. McCue, the Victim of the Bath Tub Murder.